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[Translated for this Journal.]

Mozart's "Don Giovanni."

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

(Continued from last week.)

THE SEXTET (Concluded).

The Allegro Molto interrupts the action and expresses the collective feeling of the persons on the discovery of this new stroke of knavery, by which Don Juan has escaped their vengeance. Is that a comic situation, as it has pleased some to call it? Comic, yes, for the indifferent and malicious lookers on; but is it so for Anna, whose father Don Giovanni has killed and whom he has robbed of peace forever? Is it so for Ottavio, whose marriage has through

him been put incalculably far off? for Zerlina, whom he has led to the brink of destruction? for Masetto, whose most precious rights he has so shamelessly sought to usurp, and whom he has beaten, after loading him with courtesies far worse than blows? Is it so finally for Elvira, the but too unfortunate Elvira? Certainly not! All are filled with indignation at what they see, and the announcement of the general feeling must naturally contain the feelings of the person, in whom the intensest passion is justified, who pursues the common thought of revenge with the greatest zeal, who, besides her own private grievance, also deeply feels the cruel wrong that has been inflicted on a noble lady. On that account the music takes the character of Anna; which it must do throughout.

One single individual stands outside of the common words and feelings,—Leporello, for whom there is no *impensata novità* (unthought-of novelty). Accordingly his isolated voice maintains throughout the whole Allegro a thematic character. It moves in such a manner, that its isolated periods give the momentum to the other five voices which form the chorus, so that Leporello in a certain sense becomes the coriphæus of the Sextet. He opens the piece with a simple and vigorous theme, resembling a fugue subject: *Mille torbidi pensieri*, which the chorus instantly repeat, but abridging it into three instead of five bars. This dialogue, full of warmth and movement, of imitations and antitheses, goes on in this way under the greatest variety of forms, and at each new sentence of the coriphæus and each answer of the choir brings into view a wonderful surprise, a new trait of genius, as it were. Think of that outburst of pathetic dissonances: *Che giornata è questa* (What a day is this!) and Leporello's syllabic side-speeches: *Si mi salvo in tal tempesta*, &c., (If I save myself in such a storm), during which two little instrumental figures swiftly alternate *motu contrario* in all the orchestral parts; recollect the inexpressible effect of the Chord, D, A flat, C flat, F, with an E flat as fundamental bass, at those sentences of the chorus: *Che impensata novità*, and that very unexpected, searching modulation into D flat major, and the incomparable roudade heard at this sudden change of key, and so many other things, of which one knows not how to praise or how express them. And yet the composer of this music is but a man.

After the dialogue has repeated itself through

all its periods, it ceases; the voices unite into a grand movement in fugued style; the two first sopranos imitate one another at the interval of a second; the tenor stands out in long syncopes upon an obstinate F; the third soprano and the basses play and swing upon two notes, and the violins work in the midst with all their might. But what invisible hand has staid the orchestra? You feel the rhythm no more; the voice-parts, which had moved on in a contrapuntal clue, disentangle themselves and become re-involved at the same time, through those knots and windings, which the ear cannot hold fast. One might fancy that they sprang one from another and came together in the air at random, like the chords of the æolian harp. This impression, limited to eight bars of the Allegro, lasts only a few seconds; heaven opens and is closed again in the same moment. Long before the age at which the critical understanding was unfolded in me, it always seemed to me, whenever I heard this piece, as if something extraordinary and supernatural, which we could not see, were taking place. But now I am convinced that the musical instinct of my childhood had divined the well-considered, or perhaps the equally instinctive, intention of Mozart. Yes, it is the soul of the Commander, that has touched us with its breath. Anna's father has left the starry regions of eternity; his soul has winged its way toward the churchyard, and as it passed has let a blessing fall upon his daughter. All that the mysteries of harmony, counterpoint and canon can afford of what is tender, select, in the highest degree refined, and in regard to expression the least analyzable, is combined in these eight measures, to make us realize the light contact with the invisible world. After this follows swiftly the concluding sentence; but such a brilliant, full-sounding conclusion, as reminds us after all that we are listening to an opera. Everybody must clap in applause, for the maestro will be rewarded for his trouble.

LEPORELLO'S SONG.

The vocal symphony is at an end, and now comes the chapter of explanations. O wretch! O shameless fellow! My own knees knocked together, while I was thinking on the contrary to make this happen to thy master! To maul my poor husband, ere he was hardly married! To compromise thus a noble lady, who thought to take the air upon the arm of a nobleman! To make

a mock of us all! Ah! *pietà, signori miei* (mercy, my masters) exclaims then the unfortunate rogue, who on his knees sinks almost under the load of accusations, some of which, and indeed the heaviest, are riddles to him. Less celebrated than the Catalogue song, but not less wonderful, this song seldom has the honor of being performed upon the stage, and it seems not to have particularly attracted the attention of criticism. Yet it deserves the commonplace, although perfectly just praise which one can bestow upon nearly all the pieces of the opera, namely, that it is unique in its kind. Unique is the word, for we possess no other aria in the buffo style, which is more natural, more speaking, better declaimed, more Italian, and at the same time such a masterpiece of the most involved and learned Italian style. A fool's babble in the voice-part, with all the refinements and calculation of the orchestra. The identity is found here in the difference which exists between the thing that is said and the thing that is thought, things which cannot be the same, when one speaks to lie and deceive. Leporello turns to his pursuers one by one, and pours out a whole flood of absurdities with extraordinary glibness of tongue; he knows not what he says himself; it is of no consequence to him what he says; on the contrary he knows very well what he designs: namely, to break away, the moment that his babble has put their vigilance to sleep. All the finenesses of counterpoint and fugue in the service of a dramatic intention are here involved in depicting the anxiety of the good-for-nothing, (which hides itself under the zeal of a fruitless justification,) his cunning arts, his evasions, his secret spying out of localities, like a thief on the lurk, and his long and desperate striving to find a means of safety. The orchestra unrolls the picture of a laughable affliction, with a truthfulness of impression and an artificiality of style, which I for my part cannot sufficiently admire. I limit myself to pointing out the leading combinations taken from the motive: *certo accidente; di fuori chiaro, di dentro oscuro, non c'è riparo, la porta, il muro* . . . That is the text. On that Mozart has built a canon for two voices, which divides itself between the singer and all the instruments. These voices, entering, in the tempo of an Allegro assai, at the distance of a quarter note from one another, execute the same figure; but the rhythmical accent is applied in such a manner, that, if one of the voices takes a dotted half note, a G for example, the other voice, in imitation, glides upon the G reduced two thirds in length, and thereby brings the whole weight of the accent upon an A, which however undergoes the same reduction in the interest of a B, to which the first voice afterwards arrives, and so on. But the combination is not yet exhausted. The orchestral parts, which went together, hasten after one another; those, which were in pursuit and flight, become united; the wind instruments abandon the canonical figure and take syncopated passages, which mix up the harmony with accidental chords, while the violins and bass keep on in canon. The whole orchestra plays blind man's buff, but Leporello peeps a little through the bandage. He peeps to such advantage, that we soon see Masetto with two supernumeraries on the floor, and the prisoner with an immense leap over his three watchmen hastening away to the door. *Il birbo ha l'ali ai piedi* (the rascal has wings to his feet,) says Masetto, getting up.

"IL MIO TESORO."

We have waited long, indeed too long, for the tenor aria. Ottavio has paid only an instalment of the sum of enjoyment, which he owes the public. Patience! One loses nothing by waiting with such a debtor as Mozart; capital and interest are made good at once. Of all the arias of the opera, *Il mio tesoro intanto andate a consolar*, (Go ye meanwhile to console my treasure,) is incomparably the most brilliant for the singer. A graceful and most brilliant melody, which tells even with the most indifferent voice, expressive roulades, sustained notes, which allow the singer to hold out a tone, to swell it and let it gradually die away, or even make a trill upon it, if he understands that; a *fermata*, in which it is so easy to introduce the runs that each one knows best how to make, the *falsette* leaps upon the chords usurped by the contralto, the vocal passages in fine, which readily lend themselves to the accustomed ornaments; this is what for at least twenty years has made of *Il mio tesoro* the parade horse of tenors, as *Non più andrai* has been that of baritones, and Sarastro's aria that of basses. The fashion perishes, but the aria has not perished with it; it is and it remains the most beautiful of tenor airs, since neither time nor the lamentable caprice of fashion have had power to rob it of its beauty both of art and of expression.

The character of ecstatic tenderness, with which Mozart has suffused the entire rôle of Ottavio, and to which the text here gives a certain touch of heroism, required the most melodious *cantabile* in the voice-part, and an almost martial sonorosity in the orchestra. Heroism and love: is there anything more advantageous for a tenor? *Ditele che i suoi torti a vendicar io vado*, &c. (Tell her that I go to avenge her wrongs.) That promises something, and the warlike strokes of the violins promise still more. Mozart, who was always sparing in the use of words that are nothing but words, and who knew too well the nature of the individual, took good care not to set him on a fiery charger, with a helmet on his head and lance in rest. Ottavio has not the stern and choleric temperament, which commonly makes heroes, particularly operatic heroes. Too much bravura would have crushed his tender breast. He arms himself in sooth; he burns for the combat; he succeeds in drawing from his soul some sparks of a noble fire; already he is hastening to the rendezvous of honor, but on the way his thoughts resume their wonted direction; and instead of the fearful adversary he sees Anna in the threshold of the battle place. It is all over now with thoughts of blood. Ottavio is himself again; love streams in foaming roulades from his bosom; he is intoxicated with the bliss of beholding her, with the hope of consoling her, of continually pleasing her, of forever belonging to her: *Il mio tesoro intanto*. And the inexorable vow of revenge! and the oath! Certainly she must be avenged; that will restore her peace and bring back the bloom to her cheek. On thee, my good sword, I rely, on thee! But the sword appears to be a little too short; the sword of justice will be somewhat longer. We will reflect upon it, we go out, and the orchestra, which has forgotten the promises of the hero, repeats with much emotion the sighs of the lover, through the organ of the clarinet and the fagotto. What a precious perfume of tenderness breathes from this *ritornel*! what a lovely and delightful

strain of impassioned song we have been hearing! Master, we recognize the thoughts of one of thy most felicitous and brilliant masterpieces. Thy young man is the pearl of bridegrooms, as he is of tenors. Who would not rather marry an adored and an adorable beloved one, than make a compact with the devil?

THE SHADOWS FALL.

Ottavio's aria stands as a boundary stone between the two worlds, which the drama puts in motion. Threatening and ever closer gathering shadows are on the eve of letting themselves down upon the scene and overwhelming all. We have arrived at the beginning of the end. "At bottom Death is the true end of Life," said Mozart in his last letter to his father. The end was as indispensable in an opera, which includes human life complete within itself, as the moral in a fable. Death, like a particularly favorite theme, has been treated and analyzed in it under its various phases. With that the work begins, and that makes the conclusion. In the overture it was death, that presented itself at the entrance of the theme; in the introduction death is presented to the eye through the combat in which a fleeting life vanishes before us; in the Sextet it is the dying out of a mortally wounded heart, which yearns for the grave, the last refuge of the miserable. But there is still a third image of Death, whose aspect is the most terrible that can be seen; Death personified, Death that comes to one like an individualized thing, like that animated nothing, which seizes upon one in the dark, when one cannot sleep, or when one suddenly awakens in a frightful dream, which covers him with a cold sweat and crushes him alive under the weight of the earth, which will not cover him. This nightmare, a thousand times more terrible than the physical night-mare, never yet visited any one by the clear light of the sun. Mozart, who often saw the phantom, is now about to lend it a body; he is about to use it for the resolution, for the moral justification, for the development and miracle of a drama, which only could and should be undertaken under this condition.

THE STATUE IN THE CHURCH YARD.

The scene changes after Ottavio's exit; it represents the inside of a church yard, which we have already seen in the perspective. On both sides appear, in picturesque confusion, monuments, urns with inscriptions and emblems; here and there some shrubbery. A ruined wall, here but a few feet high, there of a man's height, is visible through the trees. Quite in the background is the statue of the Commendatore, sharply outlined in the moonlight. As soon as the scene is clearly made out, you see Don Juan, pursued by the officers of justice, or it may be by a former sweetheart, entering with a light bound over the wall. The miscarriages of the day have not changed his indestructible humor. It is not yet late, at the most but two o'clock in the morning. What a glorious night for running after adventures! Leporello, who has tracked his master's footsteps, enters in the same manner. Great is the joy of our heroes to find themselves together again. Giovanni relates to his companion the adventures in which we have not been able to follow him; and since the story seems a good one to him, inasmuch as it is rather mortifying to his listener, he breaks out into a convulsive laugh, that prolongs itself beyond all bounds; and upon this

convulsive laugh fall the words of the Chorale strain: *Di rider finirai pria dell' aurora*, (Thou shalt cease to laugh before the dawn.)

What delirious conceptions, what preternatural dreams the imagination would have had to summon to its aid, to produce with words anything like the impression of these four bars of Adagio, this fearful contrast, which marks the transition from the real to the ideal world in our opera!

* * * * * You hear passionless, dead words sound forth from the grave, to which a change of the chord upon each syllable, a terrible dismembering of the harmony, lends an indescribably strange semblance of life, which is like the absolute opposite of life. And therein lies the wonder, that is to say the harmonizing of two essentially contradictory thoughts. The voice closes, spectre-like, with the dominant of the key, struck with the major third. This is a church cadence; it belongs to eternity, which know no minor, type of earthly instability. *Di rider finirai pria dell' aurora*.

At this oracular utterance Giovanni for the first time feels a terror, that strikes to the inmost marrow of his iron constitution. *Chi va la! Chi va la!* (Who goes there?), and the voice, receding, answers him in the same tempo of Adagio, whose 3-4 measure appears shortened by the distance: *Ribaldo, audace, lascia ai morti la pace* (Ribald, audacious, leave the dead in peace). The animated nothing lets its voice be heard still more frightfully in a second verse, and again the cadence of eternity closes the half-opened grave. The accompaniment of the chorale, placed behind the statue, is distinguished from all the rest not only by the acoustic coloring, but by the harmony. The oboes and clarinets strengthen the spectral music in the upper octaves; the most mournful chords of the fagotto are married in the middle with the sighs of the tenor trombones; and the bass trombone thunders in heavy tones upon the fundamental notes.

The effect of this Chorale is the loftiest and most searching, that can be heard upon the stage; indeed for certain organizations, especially in early youth, it is too powerful. I knew a person who at the age of twelve or thirteen heard "Don Juan" for the first time and was almost sick for several days in consequence. The fearful Chorale had so fastened on his brain, that it continually sounded in him from beginning to end; a painful experience, even when the music is of an agreeable character.

Search through all the spectres, phantoms, ghosts and cobolds, which have spoken, after Mozart, on the lyric stage; try to realize the enormous expenditure of means, that have been applied, to make us believe in these apparitions. But neither decorations and machinery, nor the different instruments which have been used specially and solely upon these occasions, nor all the attempts of our modern composers with all the wealth of means at their disposal, have sufficed to awaken the impression which Mozart understood how to make. We content ourselves with citing only the most famous among them, which we have heard, such as the apparition of the enchantress in the *Geisterinsel* of Zumsteeg, the classical apparition of Ninus in Rossini's *Semiramide*, the infernal dance with the other diabolisms in *Robert le Diable*, and the devil scenes in the *Freyschütz*, which last in our opinion stand far above those of Meyerbeer and many others.

Now, we will wager, that the Commendatore will outlive all his rivals from the other world, since he is beyond dispute the dearest in the whole company.

THE INVITATION.

Of all the thoughts of the poem the invitation to supper, which Don Juan addresses to the statue is without doubt the absurdest. Da Ponte saw fit to indulge in this extravaganza, and handed it over to his collaborateur, to make it enjoyable if possible. But Mozart had provided for it from the outset. Don Juan, as constructed by the music, is something more or something less than a man. All that precedes in the rôle and in the character connects itself musically by an admirable logic with the invitation scene. Giovanni could not resist a certain tremor at the words of the spectre; and this inward emotion, badly veiled in the recitative, is for him something new, which disturbs and tortures him far more than the miracle which he has seen with his own eyes. He feels fear! he, who with such mighty and real conviction in the finale of the first act said: *Se cadesse ancora il mondo, nulla mai temermi fa*, (If the world should fall, &c.!) Pride comes to the aid of the wavering giant. Read the inscription on the monument, he says to his shivering servant, and instantly appears in burning characters the vengeance-craving motto. No! no! no! he says then to himself, all this idle hocus-pocus has lost its charm by repetition. Thou shalt be twice conquered, miserable grey-beard. I shall quail as little before thy scolding shadow, as before thy feeble sword. Leporello! tell him he must come to supper with me this evening. Is not this the height of self-delusion, the delirium of a perverse strength, exerting itself the more because it was upon the point of wavering? A blind rage has got the mastery in Giovanni's heart; his blood, which for a moment had stood still in his veins, now boils; he has the fever on him and he keeps on laughing; he jokes, and in sheer joke he will stab his servant, who is too slow to execute his mad commands. We have thought it necessary to make these physiological remarks, in order to explain, as far as possible, the indefinable character of the piece which follows; a composition which has nothing in common with the effect which the miracle must have produced upon any other person but Don Juan; a composition, which is at once comical and fearful, brilliant and mystical, full of enticements for the ear, and of allusions to the second sight; a farce, one will say, enacted in the churchyard, for the entertainment of the departed; something that has no name: *O statua gentilissima*.

If we consider only the text and the declamation of the vocal parts, the poetical thought of the duet is simple enough, although it is faithfully and energetically reproduced by the composer. On the one side Giovanni, who maintains all the decorum of a cold and sarcastic dauntlessness, in spite of the mental agitation which he betrays, and which moreover is expressed in the vivacity of the tempo, the wandering motion of the instrumental figures and even the undecided key of E major; on the other side Leporello, who, placed betwixt the speaking statue and his master's rapier, as between two fires, has no motive, he, poor devil, to conceal the two-fold mortal terror that torments him. Contrasts of this sort always were with Mozart an occasion for a splendid triumph. In the whole duet the two voices have

but one passage in common: *Colla marmorea testa ei fa così, così*, (With his marble head he does so, so,) where the rising and falling of the melodic intervals, together with the rhythm, imitate the motion of the statue's head. But although the performers sing the same melody, yet they must give it a very different expression. Leporello imitates mechanically what he has seen, as a scared monkey might do; Giovanni, mocking him, sings in a tone of most contemptuous irony; his head sinks and raises itself proudly.

The piece, thus far as intelligible and theatrical as the music could make it, only becomes fantastical and undefinable through the instrumentation. For a moment only, just one measure, is the duet, through the *yes* of the Commendatore, made a supernatural Terzet. This answer of the spectre has had its influence on the instrumentation, as it could not but have; yet it has left only a few brief traces of itself behind; before and after it, we hear some passages in the orchestra which bear no decided relation either to the general effect of the situation, or to the three speaking persons: figures, which are now lively and brilliant, now moody and fantastical; chords of the wind instruments, which close in a very peculiar manner and with a mystical charm upon an abrupt cadence from B major to C major; strokes of the violas, which hum upon the lowest string, like a bass phantom, with an air of jocund repose, that makes a shudder creep over one. Apparently the orchestra here expresses relations, which are not indicated in the drama and which cannot be even silently implied there. Could Mozart have executed anything so wonderfully beautiful, without connecting any thought with it? What if the voice from the monument had found echoes in the surrounding graves! if by the fearful and revengeful tones of the shadow other gentler spirits were awakened? spirits of maidens who departed before the age of the emotions of love, souls of little children, who died in their nurses' arms, that pale and indifferent crowd, yet happy that it has not more to live, which hovers about the man of marble and in ghastly complacency looks on scenes from this life, of which it understands nothing!

[To be continued.]

Opera and Oratorio contrasted.

(From Willie's Musical World.)

The Opera and Oratorio are beginning to be such popular styles of public performance in this country, that a brief comparison of the two may not be unwelcome to our readers.

The general features of musical structure are the same in both. In other respects they vastly differ. They are alike in the following particulars:

1. An instrumental overture or introduction; sometimes, also, in both this is omitted. Rossini once told a young man in pursuit of musical knowledge under difficulties, that the best way of writing an overture to his opera, which in other respects was completed, was to write none at all—a course which with great comfort and satisfaction to himself he had pursued in one of his own operas.

2. The plot is generally a progressive one: but in the opera a sharper climax is often sought, the finale being an exciting catastrophe of some kind. This is often the case with oratorios; like Bach's oratorios of the Passion of our Lord, which close with his crucifixion. But in the oratorio a succession of sacred scenes may also be presented, without any very exciting climax, such as we look for in works calculated for dramatic action—like operas.

3. The subject, whatever it may be, is worked

up into choruses, recitatives, duets, trios, and concerted pieces of all kinds, in precisely the same manner both in the opera and the oratorio.

But here the parallel seems to end. The two differ essentially in the following respects:

1. In the choice of subject. In the opera, human love, in its thousand changeful aspects of joy and sorrow, fortune and misfortune, success and failure is ordinarily presented. The most elevated and dignified phase of this ever embodied is, perhaps, Beethoven's opera of *Fidelio*, in which not the sentimental history of two lovers is portrayed, but the sublime fidelity of a wife to her husband, and her rescue of his life at the last, from the hand of a powerful adversary. In the oratorio the *Divine* love is oftener portrayed, or such subjects and histories as delineate this love. To this distinctive choice of subjects—it must be stated, however—there are exceptions. In a few instances sacred subjects have been selected by prominent operatic composers, and wrought up in opera form, with all the distinctive features of operatic and dramatic treatment. Such, for instance, are the sacred operas of *Joseph and his Brethren*, by Mehul; and *Moses in Egypt*, by Rossini. These works, of course, it is understood, are only sacred in subject; they are essentially operatic in style of composition and musical effect.

2. The opera and the oratorio differ radically (as stated in the foregoing paragraph) in style of composition and musical treatment. In the opera, the free or secular style is adopted; in the oratorio, the strict or sacred style. A consequent marked contrast of effect (which, after all, constitutes the difference between sacred and secular music) is thus produced. It is true that Mozart, in his overture to *Zauberflöte* treats a subject in a fugued style; but it is such a fugue as one might very well dance to, and exceedingly un-church like, and opera like (as it should be) in movement. It is also true that in much oratorial composition we find music written in the free style: as to progression of parts, etc. But then the coloring, even here, is sacred and religious: unmistakably so, in all genuine oratorial composers.

3. The subject of opera is always selected and treated with a view to exciting dramatic action and stage effect. In the oratorio we have no action and no stage effect. The climaxes in oratorios are all musical, except such intellectual or emotional climaxes as are induced by the sacred text itself.

In these important respects, therefore, do the opera and oratorio differ.

We may state, that we often witnessed, while in Germany, the simple and touching opera of *Joseph and his Brethren* on the Frankfort stage. It was regularly given once or twice a year. The action and scenic effect were simple and quiet while the music, though also simple and quiet, is conceived of course in the old opera style; such as we should expect from Mehul.

Works like *Joseph* and *Moses in Egypt* are always looked upon as sacred in subject only; they are essentially secular and operatic in musical style and in the effect produced upon the auditors. Such works can never be regarded, of course, as oratorios, having been originally conceived as operas by the composers, and intended for dramatic action. We never, therefore, ever heard in the land of oratorios—Germany—of a sacred musical association (like the celebrated *Cæcilien-Verein* in Frankfurt, for instance, which Mendelssohn so much frequented,) undertaking the study of the opera of *Joseph and his Brethren*, or *Moses in Egypt*—sacred as the subject is—for the purpose of presenting it as an oratorio. They would have incurred nothing but ridicule by so doing. We heard however of Rossini's *Moses in Egypt* being performed on a German stage by a musical association, where simply the music was given without the action, use being made, however, of appropriate scenery as background. This is the nearest approach we ever knew the Germans to make toward turning opera into oratorio. They certainly never went so far as to substitute the name of one for the other.

It seems to have been reserved for this country, (where, as the land of Edwards, we have naturally perhaps greater freedom of the musical will) to present an opera like *Moses in Egypt* as an oratorio—though of course no more an oratorio in musical style, and in absolute effect upon the auditors than the *Barber of Seville*; or half as much so as the majestic opera of *Semiramide*.

The wish has often been expressed by the graver classes of our music-loving Americans, that operas might be presented to them in public performance *musically* only—the dramatic action being omitted. They wish to hear the music, but do not care for, or approve of, the rest of it. We find this a very natural and reasonable idea on their part. And why not? It strikes us that it might prove a very successful enterprise. Only—let us not call the *Barber of Seville* and *Masaniello* and *Norma* and *Favorita* or even *Moses in Egypt* an oratorio: for the simple reason, that each of these, like others of their class, were conceived, and originally launched upon the world, and called operas, by their composers—who ought best to know what they are; for what they were intended; and what name belonged to them. Call them rather *concert operas*—if you will; or anything to designate that they are operas with an omission of the action and the scenery.

Musical Correspondence.

From NEW YORK.

MARCH 12.—Last Saturday was the evening of our third Philharmonic concert, at which was assembled a still larger audience than at the one preceding. The programme was very attractive, and read as follows:

PART I.

Symphony No. 2, in G minor, W. A. Mozart.*
Recitativo and Aria, from the Opera "Guttenberg," Fuchs.
Mr. Philip Mayer.

Aria: "Per pietà," from the Opera "Cosi fan tutti," Mozart.
Mrs. Georgiana R. Stuart.
Concerto No. 5, for the Piano, in E flat, op. 73, Beethoven.
Mr. Gustave Satter.

PART II.

Overture to "Ruy Blas," in C, op. 65, Mendelssohn.
English Ballad: "Winged Messenger," Fesca.
Mrs. Georgiana R. Stuart.

Aria: "Der Kriegerlust ergeben," from "Jessonda," Spohr.
Mr. Philip Mayer.

Overture to "Olympia," Spontini.

Pity, though, that the execution was in most points far from good. In all the orchestral parts the absence of Mr. EIFFELD, on account of severe illness, was sadly perceptible. The members of the orchestra are accustomed to his direction, and he has more control over them, and is less lenient than Mr. TIMM, whose good nature often reaches too far. Nevertheless, in the Symphony and the last Overture this was less felt; they went quite well; particularly when compared to the rendering of them at even that morning's rehearsal.—But *Ruy Blas*, in itself the least interesting of MENDELSSOHN'S overtures, was not done justice to at all, and the vocal pieces were really spoiled by the loud and coarse accompaniment of hardly half the orchestra. Besides, both Mrs. STUART and Mr. MAYER seemed not in very good, or rather not in very strong voice. For the former all allowances must be made, she having very recently met with a severe domestic affliction, under the influence of which I only wondered at her being able to sing at all. She hardly did herself justice, in spite of an evident endeavor to do her best; yet she looked so sad and weary that my heart ached for her.

Mr. Mayer's aria from *Guttenberg* was rather tedious, and though that from *Jessonda* was sung "by request," yet I think the greater part of the

* I cannot refrain from mentioning that this is the first time in the six years of my associate membership, that an entire Symphony of Mozart has been performed by the Philharmonic Society, while Spohr's "Consecration of Sounds" has been upon the programme no less than three times.

audience would have preferred to hear something which had not been sung twice last winter.

I have left the best to the last. BEETHOVEN'S grandest Concerto, performed by Mr. SATTER in a manner that completely carried away the audience, and inspired the orchestra so that their accompaniment did not, at least, spoil the effect of the piano.

Of Mr. Satter's playing I do not know how to say enough. He has taken the "appreciative" musical world of our city by storm, and can boast of a success which no pianist of his class (that is, not a mere light-fingered virtuoso) has ever met with here. He has appeared before our best, most competent musical audiences three times in two weeks, and each time has won the most enthusiastic and unbounded applause, and been called out and encored, only to take his final departure amid renewed vehement demonstrations of satisfaction. Such things are encouraging, are they not?

Mr. Satter's rendering of the Concerto was masterly throughout. In the first movement he introduced a celebrated cadenza composed for the concerto by LISZT, in truly Lisztian style, which might have seemed out of place, had it not served as a foil to the beauty of its surroundings. Towards its end, as light gradually broke, and at last, in a perfectly ethereal pianissimo of high notes, the theme re-appeared, there was a breathless hush throughout the whole house, until, with the joining in of the orchestra, there was one deep, long-drawn breath, and all gave vent to the most unqualified admiration.

The Adagio was—Beethovenish! I can think of no higher praise; and then came the wild, sparkling Rondo, which, like that in the Sonata, op. 26, which follows the funeral march, brings the necessary relief to the nerves strung to the highest tension by the sublime beauty of the preceding movement.

On being called out, Mr. Satter played a very elaborate and difficult Fantasia upon the "Wedding March" of Mendelssohn, which, as that theme is a general favorite with our public, won him renewed applause. BORNIS.

MARCH 13. Opera matters are beginning to become a little more settled, although hardly anything is certain. OLE BULL has made no reply to the resolutions alluded to in my last, and he has no occasion to do so; for the universal opinion in New York is that he is "more sinned against than sinning." Those persons, or rather that person who got up the meeting, has so often had similar resolutions passed with respect to himself, that he is quite *au fait* in preparing them. I see that OLE BULL has sworn to the following facts in the FRY vs. BENNET case: That he furnished STRAKOSCH with \$8000 in drafts, for the purpose of going to Europe to engage artists. That when BRIGNIOLI arrived he sent his agent to him, but was informed by him that his (Bull's) name had not been mentioned by Strakosch in his engagement, and that he (Strakosch) had represented himself to be the sole manager of all the theatres in New York and vicinity. Bull also deposed that he is informed that S. has gone to Austria to visit his relatives, although he should have returned to the United States. It is decidedly a nice state of affairs.

Last night Lucia was given for the benefit of the employés. The house was quite full for the Academy, and the performances ———. Brignoli, the new tenor, did not please very much. He has a fine voice but does not seem to know how to use it to advantage. For Wednesday Lucia is again advertised, under whose management it is not said, though I understand it is nominally under a committee of stock-holders; but in reality MAX MARETZK has the whole charge.

Of the late GRISI troupe, SUSINI sailed for Europe on Wednesday, and DONOVANI and several

others on Saturday. I understand their contract prohibited them from accepting of another engagement in America, under the pain of forfeiture of their return passage.

This evening twelve nights of German Opera, of which I told you in my last, commence at Niblo's. Flotow's *Martha* is to be given with about the same cast as in the Bowery. They should however get a better prima donna than Mme. SIEDENBURG. Her voice is much too weak for such a house as Niblo's. I hear that there are subscribers enough to guarantee the expenses, so that, if the company be a good one, the season will no doubt be successful.

To chronicle the musical matters of New Orleans does not exactly come within the sphere of my duties. Nevertheless I wish to mention that I see that *L'Etoile du Nord* was to be given there, at the French Opera House, on the 5th inst. for the first time in America, having been under close study and rehearsal for several weeks. As to the artists who gave it, I am unable to inform you. R.

MARCH 14.—I send you a supplement to my letter of yesterday, to announce the successful opening of German Opera last evening. Although the weather was as bad as any we have had this winter, yet the house was more than two-thirds full, and the audience being seated wholly in the parquette and first and second tiers, what emptiness there was was not apparent. *Martha* was the opera.

Mr. JULIUS UNGER directed the orchestra, which played much better than most of our opera orchestras. The chorus was better and larger than that of the *Grisi* troupe, though I recognized many of the same persons in it. All the solo performers pleased me much more than in the Bowery. The following was the cast:

Lady Harriet Durham, Mme. SIEDENBURG; Nancy, Mlle. MARTINI D'ORMY; Lord Tristan, Mr. BEHRINGER; Lionel, Mr. QUINT; Plunkett, Mr. VINCKE.

Mme. Siedenburger sang "The Last Rose of Summer" very beautifully and was deservedly encored, as was also D'Ormy's: *Jägerin, frisch im Sinn*. Mr. Quint did much better than he does in Italian opera, where he sings as *Signor QUINTO*.

Among the audience were many of our fashionable opera habitués, and a large number of our German population, from the rich importer to the industrious mechanic. And this is the fact which will render a permanent German opera more successful than an Italian one, because, besides fashionable patronage, the former will always have the support of a large portion of our population.

The performances will be continued on the off nights of the Academy. Niblo's being engaged for Thursday, however, *Martha* will be repeated next Saturday; and I advise all your readers, who would have a pleasant evening, to attend. R.

Diary Abroad.—No. 11.

FEB. 4th.—As I pore over the old volumes of the *Leipziger Musikalische Zeitung*, how vividly the pleasure I had years ago in the College library at Cambridge in reading last century history, literary, scientific and political, in the periodicals of the day, comes back to memory. Bless those old magazines! There is the *Gentleman's Magazine* for more than a hundred years ago, with Dr. Johnson's Debates in the Senate of Lilliput; in the reviews of that day, the Doctor, and Dr. Goldsmith and all that literary galaxy, are shining with that kind of light, which precedes the halo of fame. Another old publication will give you the first intimation of Mr. Franklin's or Mr. Herschell's discoveries, of the production of an oratorio, words by Milton, music by Mr. Handel, (as the name was often then spelled—for that is the true pronunciation of it); in other publications you see the American Revolution gradually brewing, though all that pertained to America was of amazingly small im-

portance in comparison with the doings of the Prussian king, Frederick II., he who sent the sword to Washington with the inscription: "The oldest General to the greatest,"—(if the anecdote be authentic.) And so on, how many hours have I enjoyed history and biography in that way!

To one whose thoughts dwell upon, and whose tastes lead him to, musical history and biography, it is worth a couple of years' residence in Germany just to learn the language, so as to read the musical periodical mentioned above. It covers a space of just half a century. When it began, MOZART was recently gone! But Father HAYDN was still on the stage, and the first volume of the *Zeitung* contains an account of the first public performance of the "Creation." BEETHOVEN is known as a great pianist—the LISZT of his day; but few of his works with *opus* numbers having yet appeared, some of which in the early volumes of our journal give occasion to the critics to tell him some severe truths.

From that time to 1848, no single publication in any language can compare with this as furnishing material for musical history and biography. What a vast number of names are there to be found, ninety and nine of which, once of importance, now are utterly forgotten, while the hundredth fills ever more space, grows more and more important, and all doubt as to its true position in the art ceases. Somebody writes a letter from Italy, and tells of a wonderful violinist: by and bye every number has something to say about PAGANINI. Some other body sends news of an attempt to establish Italian opera in New York, and MARIA GARCIA's name appears; then Paris and London news begins to speak of Mme. MALIBRAN; and by and bye it is the Malibran. Forty-nine years ago somebody wrote from Prague a long letter about the music there, and spoke of the performance of MOZART's double concerto for two pianos, in E flat, by Franklin MELITSCH and a little boy of ten years, and said that one does not often have opportunity to hear it with such purity and precision. The little boy played also some very difficult variations by a certain WEBER, then known by not much else than his piano-forte virtuosity. That child was MOSCHELES!

Some seventeen years later, Dec. 1, 1822, another child of ten years gave a concert in Vienna. There was an overture by the violinist, FRANZ CLEMENT, who now lies just across the pathway opposite Beethoven's grave; then the child played the concerto in A minor of HUMMEL, then a great name; then came one of RODE's violin pieces of variations (E major); then a ROSSINI aria, by Fräulein UNGER, the original contralto of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and Second Mass; and then that child closed with a free fantasia! Our letter-writer cannot contain himself: "Here, says he, is another young virtuoso, as if dropped from the clouds among us, who fills us with highest wonder,"—"touches the limits of the incredible,"—"youthful giant, thundering out even the last movement of Hummel's very difficult and wearing composition, without a sign of weariness,"—"can play from a full score in a way hardly to be matched," and so on. See how he closes what he has to say of FRANZ LISZT! "It was truly amusing to see how the little Hercules united the Allegretto of Beethoven's 7th Symphony with [what?] with the motive of a Cavatina from Rossini's *Zelmira*, and so to speak, knecded them together. *Est Deus in nobis*." It was a funny marriage!

On the 9th of Nov. 1842, our journal contains the close of a long article upon the Carnival operas of Italy, and the singers employed in the various theatres. After speaking of the company at Trieste, a sentence is added in relation to a person now somewhat known, I take it, in the United States. "In this great theatre a boy of eight years, a very skillful pianist, ALFRED JAEHL, gave a 'musical academy' with much applause."

What a host of these wonder-children, as the Germans call them, are recorded in these fifty volumes, and how few of them are ever heard of afterward! The really great ones are often allowed to kill themselves by over-exertion, or compelled to do so by their money-loving parents. A few become men indeed. An article in an old number of *Dwight's Journal* upon the comparative influence of violin and piano-forte playing in making Mozarts and Beethovens of wonder-children, found little reason to hope any great things in the way of composition from young Juliens and little Ursos. The *Zeitung* in question confirms this opinion throughout. And not

only in case of the violin, which is an instrument of such power of expression as almost inevitably to become all in all to one who really loves it, but of every instrument incapable of full harmonies.

A single letter from Berlin, giving the musical history of that city for October, 1818, speaks of three wonder-children: F. W. KRAMER, ten years of age, who distinguished himself by playing a concerto for the flute; a boy of the name of GUGEL, who with his father played a concerto by BERNARD ROMBERG, for two horns, and also the horn obligato in an aria by REICHAERT; the third made his appearance in the same concert. I will translate the passage—the WÖLFEL mentioned was the rival of Beethoven as pianist at the close of the last century in Vienna. "Great applause followed the Trio for two horns and piano-forte by Wölfl, played by Herr Gugel, his son, and the nine-year-old son of the banker MENDELSSOHN."—The annals of music are not much occupied with the names of Kramer and Gugel,—but Mendelssohn—!

I have been somewhat amused to see how highly several pupils of SPOHR were extolled as wonderful young violinists, and among them J. J. BOTT—not one of whom so far as I know has made, or is likely to make, any great sensation away from his violin.

And so at last I come to one of the texts of this present discourse.

In a letter from Vienna, published July 5th, 1843, special praise is accorded to the two little sons of Prof. Helmesberger, who performed a Duo Concertante for two violins with such purity skill and expression as to give them "a high position among the little—or at all events very young—Bravura players, pupils of Professors Helmesberger and Böhm, viz: Minkus, Joachim, Schimon, Bauer, and others." And that is the first I knew of JOSEPH JOACHIM. Half a year passes and a little boy plays a fantasia by ERNST at the Gewandhaus concert in Leipzig. This is Joachim, then thirteen or fourteen years of age. The critic is lavish of praise and doubts not that something more than a virtuoso might be expected of him—even a great artist—and so with the professors of Mendelssohn's newly established Conservatorium the boy proceeds with his musical studies. He appears once more in public this winter at Miss BIRCH's Concert—Miss Birch whom Mendelssohn brought over from London for the Gewandhaus—and this time in one of Spohr's difficult concertos. Hitherto our critic had only heard the little boy in pieces which showed his mastery over the instrument; in this he sees the deep musical feeling, clear understanding and unflinching good taste, which afford the best reason to cherish the highest expectations in regard to the young artist's future.—This is the text, of which more anon.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 17, 1855.

NEW VOLUME.—After two more numbers, i. e. with the number for April 7th, the JOURNAL OF MUSIC will enter upon "a fourth year. Of course NOW IS THE TIME TO RENEW OR TO COMMENCE SUBSCRIPTIONS. Subscribers will see the reasonableness of our terms as advertised, viz: \$2.00 per annum, by mail, and \$2.50 by carrier, both IN ADVANCE.

All who do not expressly notify us of their wish to stop the Journal at the expiration of their term, will still continue to receive it, and be counted as subscribers for another year.

NO SUBSCRIPTION RECEIVED FOR A SHORTER PERIOD THAN SIX MONTHS; AND NONE FOR LESS THAN A YEAR, UNLESS PAID IN ADVANCE.

We have enclosed bills to a large number of subscribers who have not yet paid for the year now closing, and beg that they will promptly remit by mail or otherwise.

"TOO MUCH HEAVY MUSIC."—A writer in the *Transcript* discusses the causes of the inadequate support extended to the Afternoon Concerts of the Orchestral Union. He expresses a most hearty admiration for the orchestra, and regrets that it should "be allowed to languish, when a little exertion on the part of the people would have sustained it surely for months, and possibly through the summer." So far we say Amen! But the

writer, (who speaks in the name of "Boston,") then goes on to charge the want of success mainly to bad judgment in the selection of the music. He says:

There has been too much *heavy* music, and too little variety; the selections have not been really popular. No one doubts that the citizens of Boston are better able to appreciate classical music than those of any other city of the Union; but no one will venture to assert that the audiences which have frequented the afternoon concerts are capable of truly understanding the symphonies of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, or Mozart. The programmes have doubtless been most acceptable to the "appreciative few," but, unfortunately, these do not constitute the principal or paying portion of the audience; not their taste, but that of the majority, should be consulted.

How many of those present at the afternoon concerts could comprehend the wonderful working of the last movement of the Jupiter—the beauty of the Pastoral—the majesty of the Eroica? It is not to be expected that the young people, who form the greater part of the audiences, who have, of course, no idea of the science of music, and who "only know what pleases them," can; that they do not is manifest by the indifference with which these higher works have been received, and by the ready attention invariably given to more popular pieces. If a movement like the Allegretto of Beethoven's eighth, or the Scherzo of Mendelssohn's third symphony is performed, the public listens and applauds, not because of the rich and beautiful working up of these gems—not because of the science therein displayed,—it is the exquisite and simple melody of the theme that takes; that is all that is understood.

The fact is our Boston people,—at least such as are in the habit of attending afternoon concerts,—are not yet quite equal to a symphony once a week; occasionally it may do, but so very often it will not pay. If it is desired to elevate our taste, let them commence with what we can comprehend, and gradually raise the standard—but it is as impossible to digest the most solid and severe quality of music, without preparation, as to read Greek without going through the preliminary of learning the language.

This is the usual talk after all unsuccessful concerts; and even the givers of successful concerts are sometimes frightened and "demoralized" just at the height of their success, by sceptical complaints and croakings about their music being too *good* for the many, and above the comprehension of some flirting youths and misses in the audience, whom it would seem of more importance to conciliate than all the rest. But let us see.

Is *heavy* music identical always with the highest kind of music? Cannot a composition be as superficial and full of clap-trap as you please, and in the popular form of polka, potpourri, French overture, or what not, and still be heavy, dull and unenjoyable? Do you mean to say that a greater sense of heaviness does not oppress one after sitting through a miscellaneous hodge-podge of virtuoso solos, variations, waltzes, operatic arrangements laden with stunning brass, &c., &c., with all the senseless *encores* thereunto pertaining, than after hearing a good symphony, which, if it somewhat tax the intellectual attention, is for that reason more exciting and refreshing than the stupid, listless passivity with which you endure the former? Considering how many times, for years past, the music-loving part of our society have heard the symphonies of Beethoven, is it too much to say that most of them do really find the "Pastoral Symphony" refreshing after a melange of Verdi, Gungl, Donizetti, Flotow, Jullien, &c., served up in the most fantastical shapes?

Again, what if an audience do not perfectly

comprehend the symphonies of Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn! Is perfect comprehension by any means indispensable to great and profitable enjoyment of them? We know many cases of persons merely having a general susceptibility to the beautiful, the elevating and the spiritual, who know not perhaps the first A B C of musical science, who yet are among the most deeply interested, the most enthusiastic and devout listeners to these great works. Must one understand the wonderful art with which the four-themed fugue finale of the "Jupiter" is worked up, before he can feel and be uplifted by its beauty and its grandeur? Then should we all be writers of symphonies, rather than listeners. As well say, go not to the picture galleries to admire the works of Raphael and Reubens, until you are able to tell how they were painted. Knowledge of course enhances the enjoyment, provided there be inspiration enough in the composition to keep it from being hacknied before you have half analyzed it. But the beauty, the effect, may be, and should be simple, though the art concealed in that effect be infinitely complex. Is it not so in every beautiful product of Nature?

It is true that most persons do not listen to a composition on account of the science and learning displayed in it. But it is not true, therefore, that they listen merely for the charm of the *melody*. Divest the melody of all the wonderful complexity of harmony and counterpoint and instrumentation, into which it is inwoven, and see if the charm remain. This complexity none but the taught musician technically understands; but the susceptible, poetic soul can feel the beauty, can experience the spiritual effect, can recognize the end of which all this art is but the means, sometimes with a livelier zest than the technical musician himself. And therein musicians very often miss it in supposing that the public cannot appreciate their best music, because it cannot apprehend it technically, as they themselves do. Do painters paint only for painters, or doctors preach only to doctors, or musicians make music only for musicians?

But you say a Boston audience is "not equal" to a whole symphony a week. Then what in the world are we equal to? Or when shall we ever be equal to so much, if twenty years or more of pretty frequent exposure to nearly all the symphonies of Beethoven, have not yet brought a Boston public any nearer to the point? Not equal to listening half an hour in a whole week to a fine work, with which we have grown somewhat familiar, and which, by the universal testimony of all musical persons, only grows more beautiful by repetition!

As to the policy of beginning with light music and elevating our audiences gradually to the power of appreciating better, we would suggest two things. 1. This is just what we have been doing now for twenty years; and now that we can at last congratulate ourselves that we have nearly reached the point (as seen by the attendance upon classical concerts for the three or four years past,) must we go down into the lowest forms and begin the long, slow schooling over again! There will always be the same necessity, if we admit it to exist now. 2. But is it so clear that the hearing of light music prepares one for the understanding of higher music? We believe this notion is a fatal mistake. How many waltzes, polkas, "American Quadrilles," variation pieces,

and brass band arrangements must one hear, to lift him to the level of enjoying Beethoven? How long must the musical stomach fortify itself upon candy and whip-syllabubs and spices, before it shall have strength enough to like and to digest Beethoven? How long a course of sentimental, blood and thunder novels, of clap-trap melodramas, and of popular weeklies with pictorial fronts bristling with American patriotism, does it take to nurse up a true appetite for Chaucer, Shakspeare and Milton? No, this is not the way. This will but make sickly babies of us all,—that is to say, of all who have not already had the good fortune of a better sort of training.

It is true that each year's audiences are swelled by new recruits, by the incoming of a new generation of listeners. All the more therefore should we see to it that the taste of the young should have a chance to form itself from the outset upon the best models. Not that we should deny them the mere amusement of light, gay, brilliant music; but at the same time we should take them up with us, as far as possible, at that point of culture, which we ourselves through greater disadvantages have painfully and slowly reached. It is a fatal policy to set the standard of our concerts mainly to the level of the lowest comprehension, to make the programme for the idlest and the youngest portion of the crowd. So surely as we do that, will the real music-lovers, and all earnest persons, seeking higher culture, cease to go at all, and then the need for a good orchestra will die out; all artists, who have self-respect, will one by one forsake a sphere where there is no call made upon their best powers, and the concert-room will sink to an arena of mere physical amusement, where the violin may as well give way at once to the old country fiddle, and all idea of music as an Art be set at rest!

Has this writer, (who certainly seems to write with a sincere wish to have musical taste raised and artists encouraged among us), ever considered how vital to the existence of a true orchestra is the music of the great masters! The symphonies and overtures of Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, &c., are the very life-blood of a fine orchestra, or rather the pure and heavenly air that vitalizes the blood of the whole system. Without it the blood grows corrupt and thickens, and the organization dies. What motive can there be, what inspiration, to real artists to band themselves together in so rare and precious a society as a true orchestra, if they are to play only the music that will tickle the vulgar and the thoughtless, if the real treasures of the *Art* of music are to be as much let alone as if they had never been created, and there were no Art! It is an indignity to an orchestra as fine as the Germania or the Orchestral Union, as well as a monstrous over-proportion of means to end, to keep them playing trivial music as the rule, with only now and then a fragment of the better kind as the exception.

The writer closes with this appeal:

Depend upon it, gentlemen of the Union, one movement of a symphony, an overture of Weber, and a choice selection of light music for a programme, will attract a much larger audience to an *afternoon* concert, than a symphony three quarters of an hour long, an adagio from another symphony, and almost nothing of popular music.

It needed only a little more novelty and variety, and music better suited to the capacity of the attendants, to have given the Orchestral Union a success not inferior to that of the Germanians last year.

He forgets that the Germanians, both in concerts and rehearsals, gave a much larger proportion of classical music than we have had this winter,—and uniformly to what crowds! Whereas the Union, instead of “almost nothing of popular music,” have usually (after the first piece, which was a symphony), given us almost nothing else. One movement of a symphony in a week is rather a small allowance, for those who have been accustomed to hear nearly every one of Beethoven's symphonies over and over again every winter, for the last ten years, as we have been in Boston.

AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE.—Every instance of a persevering, active faith in the capacity of a people to enjoy and love the highest kind of music, and in the superior potency of such in the long run to that of any kind of clap-trap, deserves to be chronicled. Even in our largest and most cultivated musical centres, our concert managers and caterers lack faith; the musicians themselves lack faith; nor do the most firmly established musical societies offer more than an occasional exception to the rule. Ask for a chance to hear some truly great composition, something that is famous purely on the ground of genius and of Art, and not of cheap effect, and the answer is: It don't pay; it don't amuse; the multitude cannot be got to hear it, or if they do come, they do not clap and shout *encore*! And yet it is only by some few or some one persisting in giving us opportunities to hear the best, and hear it frequently, that we can ever learn to know the good from the bad, or ever acquire any real taste for music. They who expect to create this taste in any community, have got to exercise long patience at the outset, and be contented for a long time with “the day of small things;” they must renounce the hope of brilliant success; they must be superior to what the world calls *success*; or rather they must think more of the quality than the quantity of their success. The only reliable musical public is that which has been nurtured upon concerts of an uncompromisingly high character. In any town, however little musical, it is in the power of a few earnest disciples of the true musical faith, or even of one man, to work miracles among his neighbors, and to make the “wilderness blossom as the rose,” by perseverance in the high course.

We have a pleasant instance of this kind to point to. The city of Bangor is away “down East,” remote from any musical centre, and like all our towns and cities of a rapid growth, offered small sphere or attraction to the musical artist. Even the Germans, who carry a little of the true fire into all our nuclei of population, seem until very recently to have avoided it. Yet we have in our hands a list of classical compositions which have formed the programmes of a fortnightly series of Chamber Concerts, given there throughout nine months of the past year, before pretty constant audiences, numbering sometimes two hundred persons, and all furnished purely from domestic resources. Here it is:

BEETHOVEN: Sonata in G minor, Piano and Violoncello.
“ D, “ Violin.
Variations on theme from “Judas Maccabæus,” “ “
Sonata in F minor, “ Piano.
“ (“Moonlight”) C sharp minor, “ “
“ (“Pathétique”) “ “
Symphony, No. 1, in C, “ Four hands.
MOZART: Sonata in F, “ Piano and Violin.
“ A minor, “ Piano.

Sonata in C, “ Piano.
“ B flat, “ “
“ E flat, “ “
HAYDN: Trios in G, F, A, and F.
Symphonies in E flat, and G, “ Four hands.
SCHUBERT: Variations on French Song, “ Four hands.
Songs.
HANDEL: Arias.
MENDELSSOHN: Songs without Words.
Trio and Aria from “Elijah.”
Vocal Duets.
Hebræen Overture, “ Four hands.
Wedding March, “ “
Song: Volkslied.
Andante from Sonata, “ Piano and Violin.
CHOPIN: Mazourkas.
STEPHEN HELLER: Etudes.
La Fontaine.
Valse elegante.
Duet: *Pensées fugitives*, “ Piano and Violin.
HUMMEL: Notturmo, “ Four hands.
Sonata in A flat, “ “
SCHUMANN: *Kinderscenen*, “ Piano.
WEBER: Les Adieux, “ “
Invitation à la Valse, “ “
MOSCHELES: Studies.
Hommage à Händel, “ Four hands.
Fantaisie à Sontag.
MARSHNER: Duos, “ Piano and Violin.
HAUPTMANN: Sonata in F, “ “
To which add lighter compositions by VOSS, KUMMER, SPEYER, SCHULHOFF, BLUMENTHAL, C. MAYER, DIABELLI, KALKBRENNER, DUVERNOY, &c.

This is well for Bangor. It would be well for Boston. But in a place where classical music has no foothold, it is the opening of a true fountain of musical feeling and taste. And we understand it is the work of one earnest, quiet, American-born musician, a young man who loves his Art better than he loves notoriety or gold,—Mr. J. W. TUFTS. After some years' study in Germany, whence he returned a sound musician and devout lover of the highest models of his Art, he was content to banish himself from the temptations and advantages of our more musical capitals, and build up his own little musical world around him (where there was none before) as a teacher and organist in Bangor. By dint of several years of perseverance he had trained a number of pupils to that point that they could take part in the performance of the best works of Mozart, Beethoven, &c.; and then were organized a series of subscription concerts which have been unremittingly continued, and always kept up to the high standard as regards the compositions introduced.

Mr. Tufts has also set an example in his function as organist, which certainly is equalled in but very few churches even in our largest cities. For over a year past there has not been a Sabbath on which that congregation has not heard a full fugue on the organ. He began with composing very simple fugues himself, first in two, then in three, then in four parts, first with single, then with double subjects, to accustom the ear and mind to the fugue form; and then after modestly and piously using his own compositions as mere stepping stones and staging, he flung it all away and introduced his audience to the master-works of BACH and HANDEL. This may seem pedantry to many, but we congratulate the place which knows how to support and cherish such a pedant. There is a chance that some real sentiment for music will grow up in that place!

MUSICAL FUND CONCERT.—We cheerfully second the following suggestion. If the Society are to recover from the winter's disasters at all (which certainly with faith and perseverance cannot be impossible to so good an orchestra,) it must be by some such course.

MR. DWIGHT:—Having read your article of March 3d, “On bringing out new works,” and concurring heartily with the views there expressed, allow me to ask from you a still more positive and direct suggestion to the Musical Fund Society, viz: That during the few remaining concerts such symphonies as Mendelssohn's A major and A minor, Beethoven's 7th, and the “Jupiter” by Mozart may once more be presented to the subscribers and the public generally. Also the overtures to *Tannhäuser*, and Mendelssohn's *Meeresstille*, &c., which should never tire. The great irregularity of the above concerts has been a source of some annoyance to the subscribers, and is, we think, one cause

of the great want of success this winter; since, after waiting long and in vain while *musica expectatur*, patience at length gives out, and engagements are formed *ad interim*. While we regret to complain we yet feel that justice is due to those who really love good music, and that these sentiments would probably be endorsed by the majority of the Musical Fund audience. Hoping for the best, and praying for patience, Respectfully yours,

A SUBSCRIBER.

March 12, 1855.

THE CONCERT TO-NIGHT.—We trust none of our readers need to be reminded of their duty to the Concert for the Poor, to be given by the MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY. The programme is a rich one, as may be seen below; and with the free-will offering of so much solo talent, in addition to the fine chorus and orchestra of the Society, the musical attraction is certainly great.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB are preparing, with the promise of valuable assistance, for their Annual Benefit Concert, which will probably take place on Tuesday week.

Mlle. DE LAMOTTE will give her fourth and last Chamber Concert, of classical music, shortly after Easter.

Advertisements.

GRAND CONCERT

In aid of the Charity Fund of the

Boston Provident Association,

To be given

This (Saturday) Evening, March 17th,

AT THE

BOSTON MUSIC HALL,

BY THE

Mendelssohn Choral Society,

With the obliging co-operation of the following

RESIDENT ARTISTS AND AMATEURS:

Mrs. E. A. WENTWORTH.	Mrs. J. H. LONG.
Mrs. F. A. HILL.	Mrs. T. H. EMMONS.
Miss S. BOTHAMLY.	Miss JENNY TWICHELL.
Mr. J. Q. WETHERBEE.	Mr. ARTHURSON.
Mr. S. B. BALL.	Mr. G. H. ELLIOTT.
Mr. J. W. ADAMS.	Mr. HIRAM WILDE.
Mr. C. R. ADAMS.	Mr. J. M. MOZART.

W. R. BABCOCK, Organist.

A complete GRAND ORCHESTRA of Thirty-five Artists, CARL GARTNER, Leader.

The whole under the direction of

H. ECKHARDT, Conductor.

PROGRAMME.

Part I.

- Overture: Iphigenia on Aulide. Gluck
- Recitative and Air: Miss Bothamly. Haydn
- Quartet: Music from “Semiramide,” Rossini
Mrs. Hill, Mr. Ball, Mr. Adams and Mr. Wilde.
- Air: from the Oratorio “Solomon,” Mr. Arthurson. Handel
- Air: “Angels ever bright and fair,” Mrs. Long. Handel
- Quartet: “Quando corpus,” from “Stabat Mater,” Rossini
Miss Bothamly, Miss Twichell, Mr. Adams and Mr. Mozart.
- Recitative and Air: from the “Messiah,” Handel
Mrs. Wentworth.
- Aria and Chorus: from “Stabat Mater,” Rossini
Aria: “Inflammatus,” Miss Bothamly.—Chor. “In die judicii.”

Part II.

- Overture: Zauberflöte. Mozart
- Chorus: “The God of Israel,” from “Semiramide,” Rossini
- Grand Scena: “Fall of Zion,” Mr. Wetherbee. Paisiello
- Chorale: “Sleepers, wake,” from “St. Paul,” Mendelssohn
- Aria: “Cujus Animam,” from “Stabat Mater,” Rossini
Mr. Elliott.
- Duo: “Quis est homo,” from “Stabat Mater,” Rossini
Miss Bothamly and Mrs. Emmons.
- Chorus: “He, watching over Israel,” from “Elijah,” Mendelssohn

Finale: Scena from the Oratorio of “Elijah,” Mendelssohn
Obadiah, Mr. Arthurson:—Elijah, Mr. Wetherbee:—The Youth, Miss Bothamly:—and Chorus.

☞ Tickets 50 cents. To commence at 7½ o'clock.

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From the Christian Inquirer.

The first five numbers of this promising (and thus far performing) paper are now out. We look for its weekly issue with high and never disappointed expectation. Its leaders are *tailed* in a double sense—weighty with thought as well as with typographical distinctness. They carry metal. We are much impressed with the seriousness and instructive aim of the editorial columns. Manifestly it is not to tickle the ear or please the fancy, but to enlighten the mind and improve the taste, that the leading article always aims. The writer has a real, well-considered, distinct, and decisive thought to convey to his readers' minds, and he goes about it patiently, unambitiously, and earnestly, and succeeds not in winning our admiration—a poor victory—but in leaving us wiser than he found us.

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